

## THE JOURNAL.

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## THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for today indicate that it will be fair, with continued cold westerly winds. Slightly rising temperature to-night.

The favorite son industry is not one included in Major McKinley's plan of protection.

It may be fitly suggested to owners of tenement houses that although Greater New York is undoubtedly populous, it really doesn't have people to burn.

Mayor Gleason reluctantly declares that he—even he—will enforce the Raines law. Thus falls with a mighty crash the last staunch bulwark of the people against the triumphant progress of the oppressor.

Colonel J. S. Clarkson must foresee that in a few more years people will begin to question whether he really knows anything about the political situation he always elucidates with such invariable confidence and error.

The women of Spring Hill, Kan., have put a full municipal ticket in the field for the Spring campaign. Only married women were nominated, so that the campaign lie that the fair nominees are novices in the art of government may be regarded as already nulled.

The attempt of Otto Kempner to indict Speaker Fish and other Republican luminaries for intimidation of legislators at the time of the passage of the Raines bill adds to the gaiety of politics, but otherwise is unimportant. Kempner is really after intimidators, lawmakers, why doesn't he set the machinery of the law to work on was Collier Platt?

It will be interesting to observe the which the narrow single gold and newspapers of New York and England will take in the face of Senator Chandler's repudiation of the Massachusetts plank in Rea's behalf. The proposition to insert that plank in the New Hampshire platform met with but one affirmative vote, and Senator Chandler, who is Rea's chief fustigian, declares "It was unseemly to the opinion of New Hampshire and to the candidacy of Mr. Rea, who is a bimetalist." What are the Republican papers which have been eulogizing the Massachusetts plank as the only possible honest expression on the money question, and pronouncing Speaker Rea the fittest man to give it effect, going to do now?

It is time to regard the grippan. That he is always a hero may be doubted. But that he takes his life in his hand and is liable at any moment to become a martyr ought to be recognized. The popular notion that he is a human fiend who eagerly seeks the front platform in order to run some one down and gloat over the mangled remains, might as well be given up. He is for the most part a poor, ill-paid, well-meaning man, trying to earn a livelihood in one of the most thankless and perilous positions that the age of progress has devised. Tied to a levitation under the pavement whose power cannot always control, and whose willful blindness are liable at any moment to crush him, he must take the risk of being hurled helplessly into every obstruction and accept the consequent assaults of the bystanders. Such a series of accidents as that which took place on Broadway on Wednesday was wholly beyond the power of any grippan to prevent, and yet those who heard the anathemas of the crowds must have been convinced of the injustice heaped upon the poor grippan himself.

## A VENERABLE TARGET.

New York in all its throes of greatness and stress of expansion is always true to one thing. It never forgets to come back and condemn its old Hall of Records. It took that business up half a century ago, and it has always returned to it in the intervals of political excitement, with the old flush of contempt and an unabated fear of danger. Our fathers felt pretty much as we do about the sacred rat trap in the Park. They denounced it in unmeasured terms. Their grand juries hurled indictments at it; their Mayors and Registers pointed the finger of scorn at it. But they kept on piling up the most valuable records in it. Why some predatory rat has not nibbled a match in it and sent the whole dry-as-dust accumulations of a century up in a momentary cloud of smoke, no one can guess. The dilapidated old structure contains the clerical heart of the municipality. Two thousand millions of dollars are liable to fall into dispute if it should burn, and it is cited from the East Side. The latest in condemning it have perambulated its historical function and present merit of other Grand Juries.

It is well to keep alive this old and noble animosity to the Hall of Records. We can at least hand it down to our children unimpaired and go on building armories and planning City Halls. Future Grand Juries, when at a loss for complaint, can then take a go at this stack of documents in the Park.

The city's law authorities are much perplexed over the inconsistencies of the Raines law. But Mr. Platt, having already secured all the patronage under it, smiles serenely and regards that marvellous measure as having already accomplished its purpose.

## CRIME AND INSANITY.

Such a case as that of Emanuel Ninger, the suspected counterfeiter, goes far to overthrow Victor Hugo's theory that crime is the outgrowth of man's inhumanity to man, and the effect wholly of environment. Indeed, it supports the contention of Lombroso that crime is a form of mental disease.

This man Ninger, if the assertions of the detectives be correct, is the most dangerous counterfeiter the United States ever harbored. For nearly twenty years he has been laboriously fabricating with pen and brush bogus bills of varying denominations. His own account of his life shows that no gnawing poverty drove him to adopt his nefarious way of making a living. For years he has owned a farm from which with reasonable industry he might have drawn an honest livelihood. His earnings—or, better, his winnings—at the perilous game of counterfeiting have been trivial in comparison with the wages which so clever a craftsman as he might reasonably expect to earn in legitimate work with pen and brush. In the earlier period of his criminal career he seems to have limited bills of small denominations only. Of late years alone he has discovered that a fifty-dollar bill was counterfeited quite as easily and passed almost as readily as a five. Even during the time of his most profitable endeavors the bills which he put forth showed evidence of such painstaking and even microscopic work that the Treasury agents who detected them have thought them the product of the leisure-hour industry of some man of means who amused himself in the exciting but profitless task of counterfeiting.

The mental processes which can lead a man to put himself in constant peril of the penitentiary for a pittance less than that which he could earn in honest industry must be abnormal. But curious as Ninger's case is, it differs from that of the habitual criminal in detail only. Eve who gets himself, stigmatically, by crime dooms himself to a life of the privations of which are diversified only by penitentiary sentences. In this age and nation few rogues either enjoy large profits or go unwhipped of justice—unless they be great enough rascals to steal a railroad, swindle a nation, or practise extortion on an entire community. The little fellows suffer both in and out of prison.

These facts are patent to the habitual criminals themselves; they know their existence vibrates between the rookery and the jail. Yet day after day, year after year, they go on taking desperate chances for a pittance stake. Their ranks are swelled year after year by others who enter with open eyes upon a career which means nothing but misery. Wherein do the newcomers find the temptation, where the old hands the incentive to continue in so profitless an occupation?

Perhaps some later day bacteriologist may be able to detect a crime microbe. Something abnormal surely afflicts the man who thinks to do battle with all the organized hosts of society and to defy the law by preying on his fellows.

Senator Chandler declares that the field candidates are as devoted to high protection as the favorite. He intimates that the manufacturers' money should be distributed among the fielders.

## THE NICARAGUAN CANAL.

Captain H. D. Taylor, of the United States Navy, formerly an officer of the Nicaragua Canal Company, appeared before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce to make a sensible argument in favor of the practicability of the Nicaragua Canal. Captain Taylor is a competent witness, by expert and practical knowledge, as to the cost and commercial value of the canal. He says that it is possible to expend \$136,000,000, but that an economical administration should not expend more than \$85,000,000 in building the canal. The estimate of the company is \$85,000,000, while some experts maintain that it may be profitably constructed at a depth of twenty-seven feet for \$50,000,000.

Captain Taylor argues that the construction of the canal would revive American shipping; that it would develop the trade of the North Pacific immensely. He had made estimates, assuming that the canal would have been completed in 1895, showing a tonnage from 5,000,000 to 9,000,000 a year. That would insure a profit, but the tonnage would be greater now. Captain Taylor contended that the canal would be of great service in time of war, and treated disdainfully the fear that it would be seized by Great Britain. He intimated, what is true of course, that Great Britain could not

seize anything that this Republic has an interest in. She would not be permitted to buy it even. Objections seem to have been exhausted when the expense and the fear of England have been stated. The expense is great, but not too great for the advantages the United States will enjoy. The fear that Great Britain will outwit us as she outwitted France is unmanly and preposterous.

Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler urges Mayor Wurster to disapprove the Greater New York bill because consolidation will destroy all local pride in Brooklyn. Doubtless the same argument was advanced by the inhabitants of Greenwich Village when New York swallowed it up. Dr. Cuyler is opposing a mere sentimental obstacle to the irresistible logic of the situation. Mrs. Partington with her broom was not so unequally matched against the Atlantic Ocean as he against the advance of Greater New York.

## MONTANA REFORM PRISON.

Boys and criminals, although not alike in other respects, are equally amenable to common sense. There are as many theories for the reformation of criminals as for the training of boys. Both are too often impractical or senseless. It is refreshing, therefore, to learn from a recent report that the young State of Montana has introduced methods into her prison system which might be copied to advantage by older States.

The prevailing idea of the management seems to be that although criminals the prisoners are men. First they are classified, so that the hardened wretches may not contaminate the morals and confirm the dishonor of the first offenders. Then some suitable occupation is found for them. In the beginning there were no tools or materials, so the convicts were employed to build the prison wall. This furnished occupation and taught many of them the useful and profitable trade of masonry. The prison was economically provided with a wall, and the convicts, stimulated by the promise that faithful service would be rewarded by shortening the penal sentence, learned the trade so thoroughly that they pursued it after leaving prison. That job completed, the same plan was pursued with several brick buildings for prison purposes with equal success. These were followed by similar works, all carrying out the main idea that the convicts were men, and that men under restraint need occupation. In the absence of work they were required to attend a prison school, where they were taught or became teachers, or their industries.

Of course, it is inferred that this work prevented mischief. As a matter of fact, there have been few and infrequent infractions of discipline and no serious disturbances of any kind during prison life, and those who have been discharged have not violated the laws of the State again. This report applies to criminals not charged with the more serious offences; none of them with capital offences.

The Quay boom is mentioned softly in Pennsylvania as a sleeping beauty.

The trial in New York of the men accused of organizing a filibustering expedition in aid of Free Cuba will be accompanied with mighty little public sympathy for the prosecution. There are many acts described as crimes on the statute books which are held far from criminal in public estimation, and one of these is daring enterprise in behalf of a people struggling for liberty.

Standing gracefully upon the Lupercal of Detroit, General Alger modestly puts away from him the Presidential crown which his vivid imagination depicts the American people are offering to him. Having thus declined an honor which has not been offered him, the doughty General proposes to throw an influence that he does not possess in favor of Napoleon McKinley, who has not asked for it.

It would be well if some of the private endeavors of residents of college settlements, neighborhood guilds and city missionaries, devoted now to urging people in tenements to strive to live in cleanliness and decency, could be diverted to the attempt to bring owners of fire-trap tenements to justice. The regularly constituted authorities seem wholly indifferent to this crying shame of the city, and must be spurred to their duty by systematic insistence by individuals if to be punished by any more serious penalty than the perfunctory censure of a Coroner's jury.

A writer in the current Scribner's contrasts French and American newspaper methods to the disparagement of the latter. Curiously enough, though the title of the article is "The Ethics of Modern Journalism," the literary rather than the ethical divergences of the calling in the two countries engage the attention of the writer. Had it been otherwise, the entire freedom of American journalism from such scandalous perversions of the authority and functions of the newspaper as were shown by the revelations in the Lebaudy case to be common to the Parisian press, would have compelled a very different conclusion. There may be some virtue in the point of view which exalts the vivacious literary tone of the Parisian press and ignores its notorious domination by the blackmailer, but it can scarcely be called an ethical one.

Third Term Conjectures  
Down to Date.

Washington, April 3.—If the whisper of to-day may be trusted some sudden pots of personal politics have been thrust on the fire. The story of Cleveland's letter declining a renomination was widely read and as vividly credited. A Cabinet denial with a motive at its back might not serve to its overthrow. The Journal's dispatch was true. Its origin was quite as trustworthy as even the Cabinet. And the dispatch is received and believed.

However, neither the Journal's story, nor the Cabinet excitement it inspired, is the purpose of this article, beyond the extraordinary gossip of which they proved the seed.

To-day the Brahmins of politics and those wise men of the party who know a present and foretell a future say these things: It would seem by the leading that the fires of Democratic hope have gained recently much encouragement. Until the Ohio convention, which declared for McKinley and silver, met and made its history, the Democracy held little thought of any national victory in the campaign next to come. The first ray of light was the silver declaration at Columbus, and the next its full indorsement by McKinley. The moment the Buckeye Napoleon declared himself a bimetalist, the Democracy pricked up spirit. Some chance to win seemed opening.

"McKinley leans toward silver," said ex-Governor Campbell to me, recently; "to soothe and hold the Northwest. He mustn't lean too far. He may lose New York and the East."

And it is on this truth in present politics that the Democracy—at least, some of the leaders—found and build a happy vision of a summer success.

This notion has been cherished by every recent appearance of McKinley strength. Because of his silver declaration the Democracy regards him as the weakest Republican now prominently named for nomination at St. Louis. Finance, not tariff, will be the controlling issue in November. And McKinley is weak; wrong, in fact, on finance. And he would win defeat. So say the chiefs of the Democracy.

If McKinley is named—and the tide would seem to set that way—he will run and be regarded as in partial sort at least, a silver candidate. What will this do in New England? What in New York and the general East—the anti-silver stronghold?

There be prophets—some of them Republican of faith—who say that with McKinley a silver candidate on a silver platform, with finance the true and leading issue, and tariff to the rear, the Republicans will lose Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, and put in decided jeopardy such States as Wisconsin, not to say Illinois. All they have gained, from the foe since 1892 will be the Republicans put to the hazard and almost certain defeat. The Democrats will most surely lose should they name McKinley and stand forth—as with him to lead they must and will—for silver. Particularly is this to be apprehended should, on the contending hand, the Democracy declare for sound money, and name a man to match.

Incidentally, there are local sprains and pains to injure and make slow Republican racing in New York. Not the least of these halting matters is the Raines bill, now law.

For all these causes the Democracy and those leaders thereof who are wont to ponder political cause and effect, adding new-born hope to a certain, solid South, are beginning to take heart of grace and look for triumph in November. More sickly plants have lived to become trees of girth and towering height. The Democracy may have much wisdom in its hoping.

To this point to-day's hot gossip is general. This morning's story of the Cleveland letter and the Cabinet zeal displayed in its attempted leading off, have carried argument, conjecture and assertion to something more personal and pertinent.

There has ever been a band of devoted adherents who have longed and wrought to produce a third term for Cleveland. The President himself has entertained engaging visions of similar sort and has no White House aversion to conquer as a preliminary to success. All he has ever asked, all his henchmen have ever hesitated before, was the question of success. Cleveland wanted no nomination which was to end in defeat.

His friends, notably his Cabinet members, were as solicitous as he. The Cleveland star which had guided the party now for full twelve years must not go out in any storm cloud of failure. Were Democracy to be beaten, another must lead.

Until recently, so says the hint of to-day—in other words, until silver and McKinley appeared in the offing of Republicanism as candidate and ticket about to be accepted, there being no reason to hope for Democratic victory—there was no cause to talk third term for Cleveland. But with McKinley and silver as the foes to be met, conditions have hopelessly changed. And with this new light in their eyes our natural third termers to-day add to be rapidly coming to certain radiant decisions.

Their thought is this: All talk of any declaration of a third term by Cleveland must cease. Give the Republican a chance to jump. Everything would indicate that it will jump for McKinley and silver. Should so happy a chance befall, the Democratic convention, which comes after that of the Republicans, would take prompt and golden advantage thereof. It would declare for sound money. And then would seek a candidate who would represent and typify Democracy's side of the issue.

When finance is the issue, and the Democracy stands firm for sound money, and when with such office-holding delegates, looks about for a Presidential candidate on whom would it be likely to rest its eyes? Who but on Cleveland, the President who with veto and message has already withstood silver heresy for the four years gone before?

Under such conditions Cleveland would be selected. Under such conditions he would freely take the nomination. And with a growing belief that the future holds such splendid happenings his henchmen already brighten, sound money influence is gathering compactly at his back, the letter of third term declaration is smothered even as a memory, and the Cleveland Democracy is getting ready to renew its four years' lease on the political promised land. The Cleveland watchword is to be "wait." Silver and McKinley may yet make him inevitable.

Meanwhile the megawump beams with a belief that he is again to become important, while politicians both high and low discuss in wondering whispers, "The Cleveland luck."

## A Political Item.

(Chicago Tribune.)  
Political bosoms appear to have invaded the field of surgery. A young woman in New York was fitted with a Platinum nose the other day.

The Easter Journal  
Blossoms for All.

Herman Melville has written fascinating tales of his adventures among the not brown Indians who inhabit the South Pacific Islands. The crew of the good ship Darford had an experience not long ago on an island in the South Atlantic, which is populated almost entirely by women. In fact, there are only fifteen men on the island, and of these three are still infants, while four are too young to count. Many of these women are young and beautiful, and the Sunday Journal will tell you all about them.

In another island, called Cuba, brave women and girls are fighting shoulder to shoulder with the men for independence. A lady who visited the island recently in the interest of the Journal describes these women as they appeared to her in camp, in the field and on picket duty. The article is illustrated with pictures, and it cannot fail to interest you.

Every woman in New York is interested in the great fashion display which takes place on Easter Sunday, and it is safe to say that a large proportion of those who attend divine service on that day will be as much interested in the bonnets and gowns as in the form of worship. The Journal devotes a great deal of space to the subject of Easter apparel, and besides its superb colored supplement it will have several pictures of beautiful women, attired in the latest fashion.

Did you ever see Lillian Russell in "The Little Duke"? She is to appear in it on Monday, and the Journal, on Sunday, will publish a portrait of her in the uniform that the role demands.

In England the servants of the aristocracy have from time immemorial carried on a system of blackmail, which has in more than one instance driven noblemen to suicide. A Journal writer explains the method by which these harpies extort money from their victims, and a very interesting article it is, too.

How many women are there among our readers who would be glad to earn a living if they only knew how to direct and adjust their talents? The Sunday Journal points out in a thoughtful and interesting article the fields for feminine activity, and tells of a number of women who have made money by raising flowers, or pigeons, or chickens. Every woman, no matter how rich she may be, or how far removed from the necessity of earning a living, should read this article.

A learned professor claims that he can develop the brain of any man to a tremendous extent, and that he can turn even a commonplace citizen into a genius. His views will appear in the Journal next Sunday.

Remember, before all things, that the Easter Journal will contain, besides the features that have already been mentioned, innumerable articles and pictures designed expressly for the Easter season. It will be an Easter offering in the highest sense of the word. Order it this morning, and remember that it costs but three cents, and contains a colored supplement of exquisite beauty.

Heroine of To-day  
at the Tea Cup Club.

The Tea Cup Club came to order after repeated calls, and the president, looking somewhat flushed, observed: "It does seem to me sometimes that you girls talk as much as men. Of course you do not expect to be listened to as they do, still—"

"I should think not," said the girl with the Roman nose; "did I ever tell you of the time I went to make a round of calls with Ethel and—"

"Found she was leaving her sister's cards by mistake," said the girl with the classic profile. "Indeed you did. And wasn't it funny that she left one for Maria, to whom her sister hadn't spoken for a year? Just like Ethel, too."

"This was another time," said the girl with the Roman nose. "You know how much Ethel talks? Well, we called on one woman I had never met before, and she asked Ethel subsequently if I was not deaf and dumb?"

"Never mind, she knew better when she met you next time," said the girl with the Roman nose; "but what is the topic for discussion to-day?"

"The Heroine of To-day," said the president. "And I think—"

"I suppose that is the bachelor girl," said the brown-eyed blonde.

"Or the one who marries a foreigner," said the girl with the dimple in her chin.

"Talk about bachelors! Why, I knew a girl who became engaged to a Russian before she could pronounce his name."

"Speaking of that," said the girl with the classic profile, "isn't it horrid of Emily to send out her wedding cards so long ahead. No chance this time to say that we didn't know it in time to select a present."

"I shall pretend that I never received my invitation at all," said the president; "one must protect oneself somehow."

"I do hope to go shopping with her now," said the girl with the dimple in her chin. "If I don't buy a lot of things myself I am miserable, and if I do her reproachful gaze seems to say, 'I know the cost of this will come out of my present.'"

"As if you wouldn't ask your father for the money for that, anyhow!" said the girl with the classic profile.

"I shall do nothing of the kind, dear; it would make me much too rich. I don't know why a man will cheerfully give a wedding present himself, but let—"

"One of the women of the family ask for money for the same purpose and he feels that he is being robbed," said the girl with the dimple in her chin; "men are so illogical!"

"Indeed they are," said the girl with the Roman nose; "one of them will keep on telling a girl that she has a swan-like carriage and then think her vain if he catches her watching her own movements in the glass."

"True," said the president; "well, girls, we must adjourn now. I am going to select Tom's birthday present; I shall get something he doesn't want; he will complain because I spend so much money and the household will grumble over more bills, a-brao to duns. I think I shall petition the Legislature to pass a bill suppressing the keeping of birthdays."

## The Thinker of the House.

(Philadelphia Call.)  
Although officially Speaker, there is excellent reason for believing at this state of affairs that Tom Reed is much more obviously the thinker of the House.

By Fire and Sword  
the Spanish Lost Cuba.

More than a fortnight has passed since the time fixed by the Government-General of Cuba for the protection of cane grinding in the provinces of Pinar del Rio, Havana and Matanzas—and it was the cheerful howl of the sanguine "new broom" that he could command a portion of Santa Clara at the same time.

There has been a total failure to redeem these gravities and expectations. The fact may be written in coarse hand and accepted as a matter of politics and of commerce, that sugarcane is at an end in Cuba until the war is over, and that the war will never end until Spain accepts the logic of her policy and the irretrievable drift of her destiny and lets Cuba go free.

It is a month since General Weyler, in the zeal of his early days of authority, and as he thought, the prosperous beginning of the realization of his labors and schemes, pointed triumphantly to the changes he had wrought in the military situation, showing how he was driving the rebels eastward and had them already almost to the southern border of the province of Matanzas, where he had them so surrounded that they had no escape but into the woods.

At the same time, as there were several insurgents about to arrive from Spain, General Weyler gave the home authorities the welcome news that he would not require any more troops, as the forces of the Government in the field were ample, and then came the reinforcements that were received with pillars of triumph and showers of flowers, the thunder of salutes and the crackle of rockets, while white doves, wearing the colors of Spain, were thrown by Spanish ladies from the palace into the ranks.

There were a few days of great anticipation on one side, and grave apprehension on the other, the latter especially by those who availed in the cities the story of that which was going on in the country. In the weeks that have passed every item of true news has shown that the inevitable hour has come in Cuba for Spain—not that the insurgents shall at once win overwhelming victories, but that henceforth the cause of the Government will be recognized on the decline, and that the war, so deadly and hopeless warfare terminates, the better it will be for the kingdom of Spain, and for the people of her splendid colony.

As two-thirds of the blood of Cuba is Spanish, why should not Spain at least have the grace to be humane to her own children? She lost her American empire long ago through the same faults that are fatally evident in the contest just now determined, but not concluded. Considering the situation in detail, the first thing that happened after the proclamations of the new Government-General's supreme assurance of sweeping and swift success—after he was "orienting them" with his crushing columns—was a fierce rebel outbreak in the west end—in defiance of all orders and all prophecies and all calculations, and the mulatto Maceos have been devastating that paradise of plantation ever since, riding about evidently at their pleasure, and each side has been slaughtering the other in dispatches, but not to any great extent otherwise.

This military has a deeper meaning than its official hearings, which are obvious. If the Spanish army, over one hundred thousand strong, aided by the thirteen thousand volunteers in the city of Havana—whose boast is that they are better stuff than the regulars—this immense force, aided by the Spanish navy, in undisputed command of the sea, is insufficient to suppress the rebellion in the western province, what hope can the Spaniards have themselves to entertain for the wider and wilder parts of the island located five, six and seven hundred miles eastward in the mountains and the swamps, all fortified in the jungles of the tropical wilderness?

Much more than this as to the merely military conditions, that part of Cuba south and west of Havana is the most famous in the world for tobacco, and the recent ravages by the Maceos are the ruin of the tobacco crop, which goes with the sugar crop into dirt and ashes, laborers having deserted the fields, the precious plants trampled or running to seed and so lost to commerce. And while the Maceos are destroyers in the west, Gomez has been spreading desolation eastward, and thus up and down roll the tides of desolation over the doomed island, fiery troops of cavalry riding free in spite of the strong lines of the Spaniards drawn north and south from shore to shore and their "converging" columns that are striking, and they say, "surrounding" the alleged fugitives, who are really, in spite of the Spanish sneer, converting their retreats into victories.

Yes! The Cuban rebels are doing all this mischief, and they are doing it as a policy—desperate, possibly, but not lacking in the intelligence that is directed to make war so terrible it cannot endure by laying waste the land, burning out its substance, reducing the Spanish possessions to a desert, trusting to a revival of redeeming riches when the precious island is free.

It is a narrow view that the Spaniards take, and a false calculation, when they figure that Spain loses only the export tax on sugar and tobacco and will get her \$18,000,000 annuity of customs duties just the same as if there were no Gomez and Maceos.

It has been Spanish policy to force Cuba into the cultivation of sugar and tobacco and then to discourage home manufactures, so that the Cubans must import chiefly from Spain a vast quantity of things they should produce, and pay duties into the treasury treasury. Now that the sugar and tobacco fields have become barren there is no money to buy imports, and not merely the island impoverished, but the customs revenue is about to be annihilated. This is the scope of what has just now happened, and it has not occurred in the west heretofore.

In the war of 1895-7 the insurgents did not penetrate to the rich western provinces. The sources of Spanish wealth are untouched in a large portion of Santa Clara, and wholly so in Matanzas and the province of Havana and Pinar del Rio. Now the rebel raids have pierced the heart of the island with "fanning columns" six hundred miles—and the experience of the last month show that there is no help for it—the insurgents have practical possession of all Cuba except the cities and the forts and camps.

This is the strain of war upon Spain redoubled and the period of intolerable exhaustion—the collapse when energy is expended must be expected just when no one can say but the resources of the Spaniards already strained will become depleted that they must abandon the most fertile of the islands of the sea, reduced by war to barrenness, in disgust and despair.

All this is obvious in the military, agricultural, commercial and financial features of the situation. The great body of facts show themselves above the confusion of misinformation.

MURAT HALSTEAD.

Trinity Church and  
the "City of Fires."

There are several matters concerning tenement houses which offer food for thought this week. More than ten per cent of the entire population of New York City lives in tenement houses. The laws and conditions which affect them concern no less than 1,332,773 persons.

First, for instance, in view of the fact that fifteen lives have been lost in New York City and Brooklyn within a few days through the faulty construction of two tenements, it is interesting to note that a bill is now under consideration in both houses of the Legislature at Albany wiping out many of the now existing safeguards against such holocausts.

Second, Thursday afternoon a Coroner's Jury brought in a verdict of "ensured against Trinity Corporation, which owned the house at No. 374 Hudson street, where the first of the week's two fatal fires occurred. This is the language of the jury: "The deceased persons met their death by smoke accidentally inhaled at a conflagration . . . owing to the negligence of the Trinity Corporation of the city of New York, owner of the . . . premises, failing to provide fire-escapes thereon, according to law."

Trinity Corporation is no worse and no better than most tenement-house landlords. Owing to the fact that it is a body avowedly organized for religious purposes, and supposedly made up of men whose instincts at least are Christian, it has been more severely criticised than any other of the greedy, grasping and unscrupulous men and companies who provide the homes for New York's poor. Trinity, first achieving fame through the beauty of the chimneys which ring to Heaven daily from the great church on Broadway, has gathered celebrity through the shrewdness of its business management. It was upon one of the most valuable properties in New York City has passed into her hands, and here upon acre will doubtless be added to the worldly possessions of this soulful corporation before the trump comes which will supposedly single her chosen ones from among the rest of humanity to reside in Paradise. This land has been put to various uses. On a very small part of it improved buildings stand. On the remaining very large part of it are located the dwelling houses of old New York, which, passed by the tide of prosperity, have lost their usefulness as so-called "single residences." In order to avoid the expense of rebuilding, and yet insure a handsome return from these antique structures, Trinity has had them altered into tenements.

The most infamous thing on Manhattan Island is the old dwelling house altered so that it may be used for tenement purposes. Fitted by construction for occupation by one family only, such a house when forced by the addition of numerous partitions and other alterations to accommodate three or four families, can offer neither air, which is the first requisite for human life, nor light, which is perhaps the second and is morality's first demand. Of such houses as these—dwellings altered for tenement purposes—Mr. S. V. R. Cruger, the Comptroller of Trinity Corporation, stated under oath before the State Tenement House Committee of 1894, that the business end of his religious enterprise owned 148. Besides these houses, which Trinity admits that it owns, Mr. Cruger stated that

corporation to the petty landlords who owned the buildings themselves. Of these the corporation has "no control." Of course they could not refuse to lease to an improper tenant—that would not be thrifty. The Inspector's report on one of these houses (No. 70 Vandam street) was as follows:

It is a three-story and attic frame house, containing four families. It has a grocery store on the ground floor. The weather boards on the outside of the house are broken and loose, and admit air and cold. The roof is pitched with old shingles, and is in a state of decay. The walls are broken and loose, causing the building to settle generally. The stairs and the woodwork around the stairs and the halls and the rear story are broken and dangerous. The dilapidated old building is in a state of decay and is a fire trap. A portion of these are decayed. There are no fire escapes on the building, front or rear.

This Inspector was an expert and was under oath. After he had finished this charming little homily on the value of the building standing on Holy Trinity's holy ground, he asked the question:

"Do you consider this house fit for human habitation